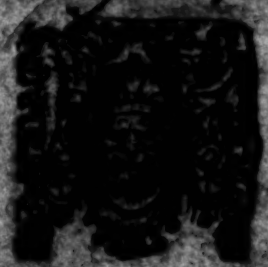
POEME,

ON

The KINGS most Excellent MAIESTIES happy Progresse into SCOTLAND, and much desired returne.

MAY. 1633.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS

To all True-hearted Subiects, that wish well to our Gracious Soueraigne, His Royall Queene, Prince, Princesse, and State:

The Authour, no Poet, but on this occasion, directs his ensuing Poeme.

HE's gone, the Sunne goes Northward, and t'was now
Fit time of th' yeere; I'le tell you why, and how:
Some in a Map doe trace each step Hee makes,
And with his Compasse one the distance takes
From towne to towne, and, guided by his sight,
Dares to auouch that there He lay last Night,
And here He din'd this day, and then, amain,
He and his Troups passed ore such a Plaine
And such a Meadow green, and fields that lay
Close to a Riuer running by that way.

Thus

Thus his Finger walkes the Iourney thorow,
Laſtly he ſaith, This is Edinborough.
Here muſt I point at things in generall,
For that were infinite to touch them all,
Or to deſcribe the wayes, or Townes, or woods,
Or Hils, or Dales, or Fields, or dainty Floods
And Brookes that glide along, I leaue that to
Some other Muſe, for mine hath much adoe
To finde a Clew of thred to lead her out
Of this great Labyrinth ſhe is about;
Thus ſome take Pleaſure, and Recreation,
To ſee Him in Imagination,
To thinke they ſee Him preſent, heare Him ſpeake,
As in a Dreame, though abſent when they wake;
And whil'ſt they this contemplate, thus they ſing,
No State ſo happy, ne're ſo ſweet a King.
When they haue done in ſpeaking what they may,
Vnto His praiſe, with bended knees they pray
For Him and all that his Attendants be,
Prayſing, and wiſhing their Felicitie,

And

And that all blesſings on His head may fall,
To make His Royall race perpetuall.
Marke how He mounts higher then Cancers Signe.
And walkes with equall ſteps beyond that Line
Which Phœbus ne're could paſſe, His Tropicks ſtand
Before the Sunne, take them by Sea or Land:
Eaſtward He goes to France, and Weſt to Spaine,
Northward to Scotland, Southward backe againe
To England, Royall Trauellor; See here,
H' exceeds the Sun, quarters the Hemiſphere;
Now in His Apogæum doth He ſhine
Nine daies ith' North, more then ith' Sothern Clime.
Aſtron'mers ſay 'tis common, yet miſtake,
'Twas neuer but for Iames and Charles his ſake;
See how Don Phœbus ſtriues for to exceed,
Breathleſſe, and windleſſe, till his Courſers bleed,
Drinks vp the Sea for thirſt, and lets it fall
In Teares, into the Earths vaſt vrinall,
And when he cannot compaſſe his deſire,
With burning heat would ſet the world on fire;

The Gelts.
The Tropick.
By Doctor.
The Sonnes Summer beigne.

He riſes early, and goes late to bed,
Yet ere one Moneth he yeelds, as vanquiſhed,
The Solſtice. Stands, gazing after him, and doth admire,
But cannot moue, is forc'd for to retire.
The Sunne, though glorious, needs muſt lay aſide,
During this Progreſſe, all his glittering pride,
The Day ſtar. Turnes Phoſphorus to our Phœbus all the way,
Serues for a morning Starre vnto the Day,
And beares the Mace to Charles: See how goes
And comes before his Maieſtie, and ſhowes
As he aſcends to Northward, more and more,
Dwellers vnder the North Pole. Great light to them that were all Night before.
But when the King returnes, the Sunne with ſpeede,
Comes South againe, as if 'twere ſo decreed,
They of th' Orcades riſe, and wondring ſay,
They ne're obſeru'd it ſo ſince Iacobs day.
King Iames. For when of light they ſaw ſuch curious ſtreames,
They did ſuppoſe it had been Phœbus beames,
In hopes that he for his long abſence might
Giue more then halfe yeere day; for halfe yeere night.

Now

Now they plucke on their clothes, awak't from sleep,
Reioycing much for to see the day peepe,
One for his doublet, one for his breeches calls,
Rowsing their Seruants from their Funeralls,
Neere dead asleepe: they that dwell fartheſt North,
That for sixe moneths at leaſt ne're ventured forth
Of their owne doores, in haſte without diſpute,
Run to the tops of th' Hills for to ſalute
The riſing Sunne: by vſe the caſe is cleare,
The firſt that ſees him ſhall be King that yeere.
'Tis not your vſuall Sunne that now you ſee,
But 'tis King Charles, a greater Sunne then he.
Vp to your mountaine tops therefore, and pry
For to behold him firſt as narrowly
As e're you did your Sunne; who can alleadge
The Conqueſt, ſhall not loſe his Priuiledge.
When by Gods grace He ſhall returne, then we
His loyall Subiects ſhall contend to ſee
Our Souereigne firſt, no hills for this ſo high,
As we deſire, no Alpes can ſatisfie.

For

For when He tooke His Progreſſe, then each one
That could not Him attend where He was gone,
Looks at his Coach wheeles, as along they paſt,
Striuing with greedy eyes to ſee him laſt.
Thoſe of the Antarctike Pole haue cauſe to feare,
The Arctick day will almoſt make a yeere;
And they ith' night muſt all that while abide,
Whereas the Sunne did commonly diuide
The Day and Night betwixt them, good ſucceſſe
Be to the Northerne world, th' Almighty bleſſe
Denmarke and Swede, and all the reſt that are
Confederates for that League, and German war,
The Sunne comes neerer you, and gilds the Skie,
Till of your foes you get the victory.
The birds moſt ſweetly chant it all the way,
Bid him good morrow and good night each day:
Each Wood and Grone, each Tree, and each Briar
Yeeld Choriſters to make a dainty quire:
Sometimes the Partridge one another call,
Morning and Euening ſings the Nightingall,

T'were

T' were endleſſe to recount the Notes they ſing,
When all the birds doe homage to the King;
Vnder his window, ere the day appeare,
Ioying and clapping crowes loud Chanticleere.
Fiſhes and Beaſts doe th' like, but that my ſong
Cannot affoord them roome, 'twould be too long.
And o're the Hills and Valleys, with the bounds
Of Horſes and Coaches the Echo ſounds,
Repeating all thats done, or ſaid, as croſt,
That any word, or tittle ſhould be loſt.
The end for breuity by her expreſt,
Shews that ſhe keepes a Iournall of the reſt.
The highway Criples run by's Coaches ſide
To aske an almes, which neuer is denied.
You'ld laugh, how ſome, at th' end of euery towne
With wooden legs will put the Footmen downe.
The Maiors and Aldermen of euery place,
And vnder-Officers, for a great ſpace,
Come forth to meet him, and to offer vp,
Some ſiluer Flaggons, ſome a golden Cup,

Some one thing, ſome another, any thing
They iudge to be moſt pleaſing to the King.
And thus in humble manner, as 'tis meet,
Lay downe their keyes, and power at his feet.
With them the rurall Lads, and Laſſes too,
Staring and gazing to ſee what they doe.
He's a deſpiſed clowne eternally,
That comes not forth to ſee the King paſſe by.
The Countrey Hoydens gaine thus much, they can
That ſaw the King, write alwayes Gentleman.
You'ld wonder how they'l boaſt, 'tis their glory,
When to their ſweet-hearts they tell this ſtory.
Sunne ſtand thou ſtill, and let thy Solſtice be
So long ith' Heauen, till thou clearely ſee
His ſafe arriuall, and returne againe:
Leaue him not there, as once thou didſt in Spaine,
Hoping to meet him, ſent with ſwift careere:
Perchance, Expreſſe, to ſee how all did here.
Our Sunne to Scotland gone, doth make our night,
Our Moone His royall Conſort giues vs light,

Queene Mary,

Two pretty Starres increaſe it, that ſtand by
Conioyn'd with her, Venus and Mercury.
Marke a Parhelium now, two Sunnes for one — Prince Charles. Princeſſe Mary.
Doe ſhine aboue our Northerne Horizon,
In Scotland one, in England one, yet they
So farre aſunder make a goodly day:
And if thus diſtant they can ſhine ſo ſweet,
How bright a Skie wil't be when they next meet?
His ſacred head all happineſſe attend,
The Queene, the Prince, the Princeſſe, Subiects, Friend:
Let Angels guardians, God Protector ſtand,
By Sea His Pilot, and His Guide by land:
By day His Cloud, by night His burning Torch,
Nor cold by night, nor heat by day may ſcorch
His royall Perſon; let His clothing be
Eliahs Mantle, and His company
Eliahs Chariot, Tobies Raphael
Ith' way He goes; for thirſt giue Iacobs Well,
For hunger Iacobs Veniſon, which may ſend
A bleſſing to all thoſe that Him attend;

For sleepe giue Iacobs Pillow, at his head
Set Iacobs Laddar, that which I haue said,
Giue all those blessings which His conuoy found,
Vnto our King for to begirt him round.
O let His sleepe be sweet, His dreames diuine,
Of heauenly Angels, and his heart incline,
Good God, that King Solomons dreame may be
Confirm'd to Him and His posteritie;
And that in full assurance God may please
Conduct Him safe, and bring Him backe in peace.

Viuat Rex.

F. R.

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